

Luke Phillips

Date of Death: January 10, 1888

Documents compiled here recording information about the death and burial of Luke Phillips:

1. Page from Daily Morning Report (1887-1891), NARA, RG 75, Entry 1331, volume 2, [January, 1888], pages 14-15.
2. *The Indian Helper*, volume 3, Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, PA, January 13, 1888, page 2.

Jan 1888	Present and Absent			Present			Absent on Farms			Sick			Went to Farms (not for farms)	Admitted	Went Home	Died	Supt	Dist. Supt	Physician	Clerks	Teachers	Industrial Teachers
	B.	G.	J.	B.	G.	J.	B.	G.	J.	B.	G.	J.										
Jan 1	378	203	571	288	165	453	87	38	125	10	5	15	1				1	1	4	10	31	
Jan 2	370	200	570	288	165	453	87	38	125	10	6	16	1	7			1	1	4	10	31	
Jan 3	368	198	566	288	165	453	86	38	124	9	6	15					1	1	4	10	31	
Jan 4	368	198	566	288	165	453	86	38	124	10	5	15					1	1	4	10	31	
Jan 5	368	198	566	288	165	453	86	38	124	10	6	16					1	1	4	10	31	
Jan 6	368	198	566	288	165	453	86	38	124	9	6	15					1	1	4	10	31	
Jan 7	368	198	566	288	165	453	86	38	124	9	6	15					1	1	4	10	31	
Jan 8	368	198	566	288	165	453	86	38	124	9	6	15					1	1	4	10	31	
Jan 9	368	198	566	288	165	453	86	38	124	9	6	15	1				1	1	4	10	31	
Jan 10	367	197	564	288	165	453	87	38	125	8	6	14					1	1	4	10	31	
Jan 11	367	197	564	288	165	453	87	38	125	8	6	14					1	1	4	10	31	
Jan 12	367	197	564	288	165	453	87	38	125	8	5	13					1	1	4	10	31	
Jan 13	367	197	564	288	165	453	87	38	125	9	5	14					1	1	4	10	31	
Jan 14	367	197	564	288	165	453	87	38	125	9	4	13					1	1	4	10	31	
Jan 15	367	197	564	288	165	453	87	38	125	9	4	13					1	1	4	10	31	
Jan 16	367	197	564	288	165	453	87	38	125	6	6	12					1	1	4	10	31	
Jan 17	367	197	564	288	165	453	87	38	125	7	6	13					1	1	4	10	31	
Jan 18	367	197	564	288	165	453	87	38	125	7	8	15	1				1	1	4	10	31	
Jan 19	367	197	564	288	165	453	86	37	123	7	6	13	1				1	1	4	10	31	
Jan 20	367	197	564	281	161	442	86	37	123	8	6	14					1	1	4	10	31	
Jan 21	367	197	564	281	161	442	86	37	123	8	6	14					1	1	4	10	31	
Jan 22	367	197	564	281	161	442	86	37	123	8	6	14					1	1	4	10	31	
Jan 23	367	197	564	281	161	442	86	37	123	8	6	14					1	1	4	10	31	
Jan 24	367	197	564	281	161	442	86	37	123	8	6	14					1	1	4	10	31	
Jan 25	367	197	564	282	161	443	85	37	122	8	7	15	1				1	1	4	10	31	
Jan 26	367	197	564	282	161	443	85	37	122	8	7	15					1	1	4	10	31	
Jan 27	367	197	564	282	161	443	85	37	122	9	6	15					1	1	4	10	31	
Jan 28	367	197	564	282	161	443	85	37	122	10	7	17					1	1	4	10	31	
Jan 29	367	197	564	282	161	443	85	37	122	10	6	16					1	1	4	10	31	
Jan 30	367	197	564	282	161	443	85	37	122	8	6	14					1	1	4	10	31	
Jan 31	367	197	564	282	161	443	85	37	122	8	6	14					1	1	4	10	31	

Morning Report January, 1888.

Geo. Davis, Ida B. High, Priscilla, Jeter, Ruth Kiser, Laura + Elizabeth Deanne home

Henry Kendall's letter. P.S.
 Luke Phillips died - 6 a.m.

Ida Whiteface's rec'd.
 Jack Mathai's rec'd.

Joe Bannet's rec'd.
 Moses Sprague + City left for California.

The Indian Helper.

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY, AT THE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA., BY THE INDIAN PRINTER BOYS.

Price:—10 cents a year.

Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.
Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

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The INDIAN HELPER is PRINTED by Indian boys, but EDITED by The-man-on-the-band-stand, who is NOT an Indian.

The INDIAN HELPER is paid for in advance, so do not hesitate to take the paper from the Post Office, for fear a bill will be presented.

"With a great many people morality means merely a fear of being found out."

"Let amusement fill up the chinks of your existence, but not the greatest spaces thereof."

"The shame that arises from praise which we do not deserve often makes us do things we should never otherwise have attempted."

How many postage stamps will it take to weigh 11½ tons? When you can answer this you will know how many stamps were sold in the New York City Post Office for the year 1888.

We can't be too careful in going out of a warm shop, into the cold air. Always think this way, "If I am too lazy to put on my coat, I may take a heavy cold and never get over it."

It is pleasant to hear that Nellie Carey likes her new place in the country. Nellie is a grown woman, now, and has taken upon herself to provide her own living, independent of Carlisle or the Apache tribe. We wish her every success. In a recent letter she shows great sympathy for her friend, the Man-on-the-band-stand. "I pity the old man," she says. "It is a wonder that he doesn't freeze. I guess Jack frost gets hold of his nose and toes. I wish I could knit him a pair of slippers, but I am afraid it would take all the yarn in Carlisle to make *him* slippers, besides I do not know what number he wears. It might be No. 10, or 20. He is so big and wise he knows everything that is going on. I wonder if anybody remembered the poor, old soul, this Christmas. He is always left out of everything. It seems that nobody cares for him, except Mrs. M. O. T. B. S. Oh, I mean his chief clerk, excuse me."

When a book is returned to the library and another pupil immediately asks for the same, it shows that the book has been read and talked about. That is right! The more we talk about what we read the better it is for us.

If one hasn't time to read all of a newspaper, take the best page first! That is the editorial page. There you will find the best thought upon all leading subjects of the day. Intelligent readers read the editorial page first. If you find the language hard to understand keep at it! It will come easy by-and-by.

A hundred and more of our boys and girls who received the INDIAN HELPER last year as a Christmas present, will this week be dropped from the list. We think some of them have money, now, and can subscribe for themselves. It would make the Man-on-the-band-stand smile if they should.

Luke Phillips is no more. On Monday morning at six o'clock, after an illness of several months, the latter part of which time he was confined to the hospital, Luke quietly passed from this to his eternal home. Many are his friends among our pupils who mourn the death of their beloved companion. His teachers and friends outside of his own race, who knew him but to love him will grieve unspeakably at the sad news. We haven't space in our small paper to give a full account of the noble life and example of this excellent young man now gone from us, but an interesting article will be found in the January *Morning Star*, setting forth his beautiful character.

The Man-on-the-band-stand pricked up his ears when he heard strains of music on Friday evening. Then looking toward the sewing room and seeing a bright light shining through the windows, he stepped over to see what might be going on.

"Ah!" thought he, as he went up the stairs, "Our Band and their young lady friends must be a happy set," for he heard peals, not of music, but of laughter, before he reached the door. He stole in so quietly, that no one saw or heard him, and from his corner watched the merry games go on, and heard the jokes, and saw the tricks. Then a mysterious white curtain was drawn aside, showing a table covered with *such* cakes and ice-cream, not to mention oranges, apples, nuts and candy. The old man was pleased to notice the polite behaviour of both girls and boys; and that they could have a real "good" time, without being rude and boisterous.